THE BELLS OF LYNN.

When the eve is growing gray, and the tide is rolling in,
I sit and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn;
And the fisher folks are near,
But I wish they never hear
The songs the far bells make for me, the bonny bells of Lynn.

The folks are chatting gay and I hear their merry din,
But I look and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn;
He told me to wait here
Upon the old brown pier—
To wait and watch him coming when the tide is rolling in.

Oh, I see him pulling strong, pulling o'er the bay to me,
And I hear his jovial song, and his merry face I see;
And now he's at the pier,
My bonny love and dear!
And he's coming up the sea-washed steps with hands outstretched to me.

Oh, my love, your cheek is cold, and your hands are stark and thin!
Oh, hear you not the bells of old, the bonny bells of Lynn?
Oh, have you naught to say
Upon our wedding day?
O my love, speak to me! and hold me fast, my own!
For I fear this rising sea, and these winds and waves that moan!

* * * * * * * * * * *

But ne'er a word he said!
He is dead, my love is dead!
Ah me; ah me! I did but dream, and I am all alone,
Alone, and old, and gray; and the tide is rolling in;
But my heart's away, away, in the old graveyard at Lynn!

—*Temple Bar.*

ONE WOMAN'S FEAR OF LIGHTNING.

Well, sir, (continued Mr. McWilliams, for this was not the beginning of his talk), the fear of lightning is one of the most distressing infirmities a human being can be afflicted with. It is mostly confined to women; but now and then you find it in a little dog, and sometimes in a man. It is a particularly distressing infirmity, for the reason that it takes the sand out of a person to an extent which no other fear can, and it can't be reasoned with, and neither can it be shamed out of a person. A woman who could face the evil one himself—or a mouse—loses her grip and goes all to pieces in front of a flash of lightning. Her fright is something pitiful to see.

Well, as I was telling you, I woke up, with that smothered and unlocatable cry of "Mortimer! Mortimer!" wailing in my ears, and as soon as I could scrape my faculties together I reached over in the dark and then said:

"Evangeline, is that you calling? What is the matter? Where are you?"

"Shut up in the boot-closet. You ought to be ashamed to lie there and sleep so, and such an awful storm going on."

"Why, how can one be ashamed while he is asleep? It is unreasonable; a man can't be ashamed when he is asleep, Evangeline."

"You never try, Mortimer—you know very well you never try."

I caught the sound of muffled sobs. That sound smote dead the sharp speech that was on my lips, and I changed it to:

"I'm sorry, dear—I'm truly sorry. I never meant to act so. Come back and——"

"MORTIMER!"

"Heavens! What is the matter, my love?"

"Do you mean to say you are in that bed yet?"

"Why, of course."

"Come out of it instantly! I should think you would take some little care of your life, for my sake and the children's, if you will not for your own."

"But, my love——"

"Don't talk to me, Mortimer! You know there is no place so dangerous as a bed, in such a thunder storm as this—all the books say that; yet there you would lie and deliberately throw away your life—for goodness knows what, unless for the sake of arguing and arguing and——"

"But, confound it, Evangeline, I'm not in bed now. I'm——"

[Sentence interrupted by a sudden glare of lightning, followed by a terrified little scream from Mrs. McWilliams and a tremendous blast of thunder.]

"There! You see the result. O Mortimer, how can you be so profligate as to swear at such a time as this?"

"I didn't swear; and that wasn't a result of it, any way. It would have come just the same, if I hadn't said a word; and you know very well, Evangeline—at least you ought to know—that when the atmosphere is charged with electricity——"

"Oh, yes, now argue it, and argue it, and argue it! I don't see how you can act so, when you know that there is not a lightning rod on the place and your poor wife and children are absolutely at the mercy of Providence. What are you doing? Lighting a match at such a time as this! Are you stark mad?"

"Hang it, woman, where's the harm? The place is as dark as the inside of an infidel, and——"

"Put it out! put it out instantly! Are you determined to sacrifice us all? You know there is nothing that attracts lightning like a light. [Fzt! — crash! — boom! — boloom-boom-boom!] Oh, just hear it! Now you see what you have done!"

"No, I don't see what I've done. A match may attract lightning, for all I know, but it don't cause lightning—I'll go odds on that. And it didn't attract it worth a cent this time; for if that shot was leveled at my watch, it was blessed poor marksmanship—about an average of none out of a possible million, I should say. Why, at Dollymount, such marksmanship as that——"

"For shame, Mortimer! Here we are standing right in the very presence of death, and yet in so solemn a moment you are capable of using such language as that. If you have no desire to—Mortimer!"

"Well?"

"Did you say your prayers to-night?"

"I—I—meant to, but I got to trying to cipher out how much twelve times thirteen is, and——"

[Fzt! boom-beroom-boom! bumble-bumble-bang-SMASH!]

"Oh, we are lost, beyond all help! How could you neglect such a thing at such a time as this?"

"But it wasn't 'such a time as this.' There wasn't a cloud in the sky. How could I know there was going to be all this rumpus and powwow about a little slip like that? And I don't think it's fair for you to make so much out of it, any way, seeing it happens so seldom; I haven't missed before since I brought on that earthquake, four years ago."

"MORTIMER! how you talk! Have you forgotten the yellow fever?"

"My dear, you are always throwing up the yellow fever to me, and I think it is perfectly unreasonable. You can't even send a telegraphic message as far as Memphis without relays, so how is a little devotional slip of mine going to carry so far? I'll stand the earthquake, because it was in the neighborhood, but I'll be hanged if I'm going to be responsible for every blamed——"

[Fzt! BOOM! beroom-boom! boom! BANG!]

"Oh, dear, dear, dear! I know it struck something, Mortimer. We never shall see the light of another day; and if it will do you any good to remember, when we are gone, that your dreadful language— Mortimer!"

"WELL! What now?"

"Your voice sounds as if, Mortimer, you are actually standing in front of that open fire-place."

"That is the very crime I am committing."

"Get away from it this moment! You do seem determined to bring destruction on us all. Don't you know that there is no better conductor for lightning than an open chimney? Now where have you got to?"

"I'm here by the window."

"Oh, for pity's sake, have you lost your mind? Clear out from there this moment. The very children in arms know it is fatal to stand near a window in a thunder storm. Dear, dear, I know I shall never see the light of another day! Mortimer!"

"Yes."

"What is that rustling?"

"It's me."

"What are you doing?"

"Trying to find the upper end of my pantaloons."

"Quick! throw those things away! I do believe you would deliberately put on those clothes at such a time as this; yet you know perfectly well that all authorities agree that woolen stuffs attract lightning. Oh, dear, dear, it is sufficient that one's life must be in peril from natural causes, but you must do everything you can possibly think of to augment the danger. Oh, don't sing! What can you be thinking of?"

"Now where's the harm in it?"

"Mortimer, if I have told you once, I have told you a hundred times, that singing causes vibrations in the atmosphere which interrupt the flow of the electric fluid, and— What on earth are you opening that door for?"

"Goodness gracious, woman, is there any harm in that?"

"Harm? There's death in it! Anybody that has given this subject any attention knows that to create a draft is to invite the lightning. You haven't shut it; shut it tight—and do hurry, or we are all destroyed. Oh, it is an awful thing to be shut up with a lunatic at such a time as this, Mortimer, what are you doing?"

"Nothing. Just turning on the water. This room is smothering hot and close. I want to bathe my face and hands."

"You have certainly parted with the remnant of your mind! Where lightning strikes any other substance once, it strikes water fifty times. Do turn it off. Oh, dear, I am sure nothing in this world can save us. It does seem to me that—Mortimer, what was that?"

"It was a plaguey picture. Knocked it down."

"Then you are close to the wall! I never heard of such imprudence! Don't you know that there's no better conductor for lightning than a wall? Come away from there! And you came as near as anything to swearing, too. Oh, how can you be so desperately wicked and your family in such peril? Mortimer, did you order a feather bed as I asked you to do?"

"No. Forgot it."

"Forgot it! It may cost you your life. If you had a feather bed now and could spread it in the middle of the room and lie on it, you would be perfectly safe. Come in here—come quick, before you have a chance to commit any more frantic indiscretions."

I tried, but the little closet would not hold us both with the door shut, unless we could be content to smother. I gasped awhile, then forced my way out. My wife called out:

"Mortimer, something must be done for your preservation. Give me that German book that is on the end of the mantel-piece, and a candle, but don't light it. Give me the match; I will light it in here. That book has some directions in it."

I got the book—at the cost of a vase and some other brittle things—and the madam shut herself up with her candle. I had a moment's peace; then she called out:

"Mortimer, what was that?"

"Nothing but the cat."

"The cat! Oh, destruction! Catch her and shut her up in the wash-stand. Do be quick, love; cats are full of electricity. I just know my hair will turn white with this night's awful perils."

I heard the muffled sobbings again. But for that I should not have moved hand or foot in such a wild enterprise in the dark.

However, I went at my task—over chairs, and against all sorts of obstructions, all of them hard ones, too, and most of them with sharp edges—and at last I got kitty cooped up in the commode, at an expense of over four hundred dollars in broken furniture and shins. Then these muffled words came from the closet:

"It says the safest thing is to stand on a chair in the middle of the room, Mortimer; and the legs of the chair must be insulated with non-conductors. That is, you must set the legs of the chair in glass tumblers. [Fzt!—boom!—bang!—Smash!] Oh, hear that! Do hurry, Mortimer, before you are struck."

I managed to find and secure the tumblers. I got the last four—broke all the rest. I insulated the chair legs and called for further instructions.

"Mortimer, it says, 'Wahrend eines Gewitters entferne man Metalle, wie z. B., Ringe, Uhren, Schlussel, etc., von sich und halte sich auch nicht an solchen Stellen ruf, wo viele Metalle bie einander liegen, oder mit andern Korpern verbunden sind, wie an Herden, Ofen, Eisengittern u. dgl.' What does that mean, Mortimer? Does it mean that you must keep metals about you, or keep them away from you?"

"Well, I hardly know. It appears to be a little mixed. All German advice is more or less mixed. However, I think that that sentence is mostly in the dative case, with a little genitive and accusative sifted in here and there for luck; so it means that you must keep some metals about you."

"Yes, that must be it. It stands to reason that it is. They are in the nature of lightning-rods, you know. Put on your fireman's helmet, Mortimer; that is mostly metal."

I got it and put it on—a very heavy and clumsy and uncomfortable thing on a hot night in a close room. Even my night-dress seemed to be more clothing than I strictly needed.

"Mortimer, I think your middle ought to be protected. Won't you buckle on your military saber, please?"

I complied.

"Now, Mortimer, you ought to have some way to protect your feet. Do put on your spurs."

I did it—in silence—and kept my temper as well as I could.

"Mortimer, it says, 'Das Gewitter lauten ist sehr gefahrlich, weil die Glocke selbst, sowie der durch das Lauten veranlasste Luftzug und die Hohe des Thurmes den Blitz anziehm konnten.' Mortimer, does it mean that it is dangerous not to ring the church bells during a thunder storm?"

"Yes, it seems to me that—if that is the past participle of the nominative case singular, and I reckon it is. Yes, I think it means that on account of the height of the church tower and the absence of Luftzug it would be very dangerous (sehr gefahrlich) not to ring the bells in time of a storm; and moreover, don't you see, the very wording——"

"Never mind that, Mortimer; don't waste the precious time in talk. Get the large dinner bell; it is right in the hall. Quick, Mortimer; we are almost safe. Oh, dear, I do believe we are going to be saved at last!"

Our little Summer establishment stands on top of a high range of hills, overlooking a valley. Several farm-houses are in our neighborhood—the nearest some three or four hundred yards away.

When I, mounted on a chair, had been clanging that dreadful bell a matter of seven or eight minutes, our shutters were suddenly torn open from without and a brilliant bull's eye lantern was thrust in at the window, followed by a hoarse inquiry:

"What in the nation is the matter here?"

The window was full of men's heads, and the heads were full of eyes that stared wildly at my night-dress and my war-like accoutrements.

I dropped the bell, skipped down from the chair in confusion, and said:

"There is nothing the matter, friends—only a little discomfort on account of the thunder storm. I was trying to keep off the lightning."

"Thunder storm? Lightning? Why, Mr. McWilliams, have you lost your mind? It is a beautiful starlight night; there has been no storm."

I looked out, and I was so astonished I could hardly speak for awhile. Then I said:

"I do not understand this. We distinctly saw the glow of the flashes through the curtains and shutter, and heard the thunder."

One after another of those people lay down on the ground to laugh—and two of them died. One of the survivors remarked:

"Pity you didn't think to open your blinds and look over the top of the high hill yonder. What you heard was a cannon; what you saw was the flash. You see, the telegraph brought some news, just at midnight, Garfield's nominated, and that's what's the matter!"

"Yes, Mr. Twain, as I was saying in the beginning (said Mr. McWilliams), the rules for preserving people against lightning are so excellent and so innumerable that the most incomprehensible thing in the world to me is how anybody ever manages to get struck."

So saying, he gathered up his satchel and umbrella and departed, for the train had reached his town.—*Mark Twain, in Atlantic Monthly.*

A CURIOUS CASE OF IMPOSITION.

It appears from an exchange that an Arkansas lad, aged sixteen, recently committed to memory half a dozen of Lorenzo Dow's sermons, donned a minstrel wig, blackened his face, and preached to a large company of colored people. Fifteen minutes after he began, all the sinners present were on their knees. The young preacher, before closing, announced that he would preach in the same house the following Sunday night. He refused to go home with any of the colored brethren, stating that mysterious provision would be made for him. "If, however," he said, "any of you feel like giving a few nickels to aid the support of an aged mother and a crippled sister, the donation will be most thankfully received." As if by one impulse, every right hand of every man went down into a pocket and came out with money. The hat was passed around, and when the contents were handed to the young preacher, he thanked the congregation for such noble generosity. On the following Sunday night, there was not standing room in the church. The preacher was there before any of the congregation arrived, and the question of how he came there or where he had lived during the past week was a mysterious one. He was asked, but replied that the provisions of Providence were equal to any occasion. The same wild excitement was created. The preacher's words burned their way into the emotional cloisters of the sinners, and lighted a lamp there which, by its glare, showed the moral corruption of the past. Another collection was taken up for the aged mother and crippled sister, and after the preacher had announced that services would be held on the next Sunday night, the congregation silently parted in the shadow of the great cotton-wood trees. The next time he was found out.

Thirteen of the widows of Brigham Young still live in the Lion House at Salt Lake. Their shares of the estate were $21,000 each, according to the will; but by threatening litigation each obtained about $10,000 more. They receive, however, only the income from their property; but that is sufficient to give them excellent fare in their old home, with servants, horses, and seventy-five dollars a month in money. Louise, one of the daughters of the prophet by Emeline Free, the most intellectual and intelligent of the wives, says that all her full brothers and sisters have renounced polygamy; but the majority of Young's forty-seven children are Mormons. Speaking of the household as it used to be, she says: "We lived very happily. My father's ruling hand had a good deal to do with it. Every morning wives and children met in the parlor, where we had prayers and singing. People have often asked me how in the world father knew all his children and wives, but I can tell you if a single one was missing at prayers, he knew it and found out where he or she was. Our house was like a great hotel, and we the guests. Our father was a great manager and very practical in superintending his household affairs. Our rooms opened on to a long hall, like the one in the hotel here, but larger, and when we wanted anything from sisters, brothers or wives, we went into this room or that at will."

Bill Jones owned one of the bill-boards of a Michigan town, but business being dull, he was compelled to sell in order to pay his hotel bill. It rather bored Bill to have to sell his bill-board to pay his board bill.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

There is a form of the mental life which we call spiritual. This is the highest as it is the finest phase of the mystery that we name existence. Coleridge expressed what I mean when he said that "faith is itself a higher reason, and corrects the errors of reason as reason corrects the errors of sense." As the physical life is revealed by its phenomena, as the mental life possesses its expression, so the spiritual life has its manifestations. This is a fact. As such it is to be respected.

As we depend upon the senses to make clear to us the presence of the sunrise, as we rely upon the reason to explain to us the nature of a thought, so we lean upon faith to reveal to us the nature of a spirit. While the eye brings to us the color of the dawn it can do no more; the optic nerve of an idiot, though it quivers in precise obedience to the laws of his physical organism for three-score years and ten, will never reveal to him the rapture of the morning. Sense and reason must act together. The intellect of a skeptic, though he cultivate it till he is in his grave, will never produce a prayer for the guidance or endurance or delight of the day that is about to be his. Reason and faith must work together. So, we might add, faith as a disconnected faculty cannot result in true devotion. Unless guided by reason, the devotee may become a howling dervish or hysteric nun. The sense, the mind and the spirit must live together.

Like the life physical, like the life intellectual, the spiritual life, while yet confessing an interdependence upon these other forms of life, possesses like them an individual existence.

"My *soul* to me a kingdom is." In this kingdom there are laws; there is obedience or disobedience; there is anarchy or order; there is the separation of government; there is the history of growth or decline. This is a fact. As such it is to be respected.

A broken physical law involves its penalty. A denied intellectual law implies a punishment. A defied spiritual law presumes its retribution. Leap into the ocean; no opposing law of salvation interfering, you will drown. Defraud the hours of rest for study or for dissipation; you lose the mental power of controlling natural sleep. Contest against that surrender of the soul to its Creator which we call the religious life; the religious life withdraws itself from you. Unbelief closes over the willing unbeliever like the waves of the sea or the tides of insomnia. These are facts. As such they are to be respected.

Again, the great law of development is the action. Every natural power grows by exercise. Any school-boy knows that he can create the iron ball of muscle on his arm only by the use and training of the muscle. Any college girl understands that the various faculties of the brain, the mathematical skill of the accountant, the acquisitive power of the linguist, the obedient memory, or what is called the conservative power of the historian, as well as the rhythmical facility of the poet, the manual dexterity of the musician, and the balanced imagination of both, become serviceable only through action, as they become inert through inaction. As with the brawn, as with the brain, so with the spirit.

As the body has its senses, so has the soul. Burns speaks of "those senses of the mind" by which the great religious truths are apprehended. Spiritual truth is received by spiritual powers. Spiritual fact is perceived by the spiritual eye, heard by a spiritual ear, handled by spiritual touch. "The true saint," says Dr. Holmes, "can be entirely apprehended only by saintly natures."

Spiritual power is the flower of the human growth. In spiritual character we find the highest, finest and most complex form of the species. All other nature, whether physical or mental, is embryonic to spiritual nature. Spiritual culture is the culmination of human education.

SOMETHING ABOUT FANS.

Kan Si was the first lady who carried a fan. She lived in ages which are past and for the most part forgotten, and she was the daughter of a Chinese mandarin. Who ever saw a mandarin, even on a tea-chest, without his fan? In China and Japan to this day every one has a fan; and there are fans of all sorts for everybody. The Japanese waves his fan at you when he meets you, by way of greeting, and the beggar who solicits far alms has the exceedingly small coin "made on purpose" for charity presented to him on the tip of the fan.

In ancient times, amongst the Greeks and Romans, fans seem to have been enormous; they were generally made of feathers, and carried by slaves over the heads of their masters and mistresses, to protect them from the sun, or waved about them to stir the air.

Catherine de' Medici carried the first folding fan ever seen in France; and in the time of Louis XIV. the fan was a gorgeous thing, often covered with jewels, and worth a small fortune. In England they were in use in the time of Henry VIII. All his many wives carried them, and doubtless wept behind them. A fan set in diamonds was once given to Queen Elizabeth upon New Year's day.

The Mexican feather fans which Cortez had from Montezuma were marvels of beauty; and in Spain a large black fan is the favorite. It is said that the use of the fan is as carefully taught in that country as any other branch of education, and that by a well-known code of signals a Spanish lady can carry on a long conversation with any one, especially an admirer.

The Japanese criminal of rank is politely executed by means of a fan. On being sentenced to death he is presented with a fan, which he must receive with a low bow, and as he bows, presto! the executioner draws his sword and cuts his head off. In fact, there is a fan for every occasion in Japan.—*Harper's Young People.*

A CURIOSITY.—For some years the following sentence has stood as the shortest into which all the letters of the alphabet could be compressed:

"J. Gray: Pack with my box five dozen quail."

The above sentence contains thirty-three letters. A Utica gentleman recently improved on it as follows, using only thirty-two letters:

"Quack, glad zephyr, waft my javelin box."

George W. Pierce, a Boston lawyer, has now forced twenty-six letters of the alphabet into a sentence of only thirty-one letters, as below:

"Z. Badger: Thy vixen jumps quick at fowl."

An American lawyer is now Attorney-General of the Sandwich Islands. The Philadelphia *Chronicle* remarks: "If in two years he doesn't own the entire country and hold the King's note for a large sum, he is no credit to the American bar."